



### THAT LETTER.

The Head of the Family Thought It Wasn't Just the Thing.

Some people readily forget that they were ever young, and never recognize the fact that history is apt to repeat itself in individual humanity as well as in wider senses.

The parents stood gazing with frowning brows at their daughter, while she was trembling and weeping. Their frowns deepened as the mother wiped her glasses preparatory to reading a letter found in the girl's pocket. It began:

"Angel of my existence"—  
"What?" cried the old man, "you don't mean to say it begins like that? Oh, that a child of mine should correspond with— But pray proceed, my dear."

"Existence" spelled with an 'a' too," added the mother.

"Why, the lunatic can't spell," said the old man.

"It is impossible for me to describe the joy with which your presence has filled me."

"Then why does he attempt it, the donkey? But pray don't let me interrupt you. Go on, go on; let joy be unconfined."

"I have spent the whole night in thinking of you."

"That's picturesque, anyhow."

"And in bitterly denying the obstinate, disagreeable old buffer, who will not consent to our union."

"Great Scott! So I'm obstinate, disagreeable and an old buffer, eh? Oh, let me get at him!"

"But, Theodorus, my dear," interrupted the old lady.

"Yes, yes—one moment. I was about to observe that the hand that could pen such words would not hesitate to poison the most cherished relative."

"Theodorus, I didn't see this over the leaf."

"Eh? Let me see. Hum?"

"Yours, with all the love of my heart, 10th May, 1860. THEODORUS."

"Why, bless my eyes, it's one of my letters."

(Sensation.)

"Yes, pa," explained the olive branch; "I found it yesterday—only you wouldn't let me speak."

"You may go into the garden, dear. Hem! we've made a nice mess of it."—London Tit-Bits.

"Nae Muckle to Brag About!"

One night in the commercial room of a hotel in one of our large towns some travelers were talking over the state of trade when one young man began to boast of the large orders he had booked.

An old Scotchman interrupted him, saying:

"Na, na, mon; you've din naethin of the kind."

The young man very angrily retorted, "I'm a liar then?"

The old Scotchman replied, "Weel, that's nae muckle to brag about."

The room was convulsed with laughter.—Spare Moments.

What It Was.

A gentleman found himself one evening in delightful tete-a-tete with a fair graduate of a well known finishing school for young ladies. She showed him the curriculum of the institution, and he, after simulating a profound interest, in the matter and knowledge of the subjects, being in reality awed by the evidence of her large mental stature, asked her rather hesitatingly, with reference to the various courses of study, in what she had graduated. "Oh," she said sweetly, "I graduated in white Swiss."—Cincinnati Times-Star.

Calino as a Sailor.

"My watch had dropped to the bottom of the sea. We were off the coast of Greenland. I dived, picked up my watch, but the ice had closed again overhead, and there was no getting through. To swim around would have been too long. I shouted with the voice of a Stentor, 'Throw me a saw!' They threw me down one; I began to saw the ice, but the sawdust got in my eyes."—Aurelien Scholl.

Unfalling Symptom.

"Judging from the dress and general appearance of that couple that has just got aboard, it's a case of bride and bridegroom. They are starting on a wedding tour."

"That may be, but they've both been married before."

"How do you know?"

"Can't you see she's carrying all the bundles?"—Chicago Tribune.

Mute Eloquence.

"Madam, the young lady to whom you introduced me hasn't a word to say."

"But she has a hundred thousand marks in her own right!"

"Ah! certainly that speaks volumes!"—Buntes Allerlei.

Shopping by Proxy.



"I'm going down town to shop a little. Is there anything I can do for you?"

"Yes. Look in my bureau drawer and you'll find my purse. Take ten dollars and spend it for me."

"What shall I buy?"

"Oh, anything."—Harper's Bazar.

Manners—by a Boy.

Manners ain't in it with mussel. When it kums to a pinch mussel is what counts.

Manners is mostly fur company. Ma doan't say so, but that's the only time she yuses any manners is when theys company.

Manners is all rite fur gurls. It doan't matter whether they appear well or not.

Manners only pays fur boys when theys mince pi comin an yure like to git sent away from the tabel if yer doan't act perlitte.

I kno manners.

All yer haf ter do is ter drink soup out uv the side uv yure spoon and not laff wile the minister sez grace.—Detroit Tribune.

Obliging.



Aunt—Do you think such an inexperienced young man can cut off my leg? Nephew—He says he is willing to try.—Brooklyn Life.

Inherited.

"Pa, can I have some money to go to the circus?" This was the modest and reasonable request of little Johnny Whitaker one evening last week, sent, at what he considered an auspicious time, in the direction of his sire.

"Hey?" said Mr. Whitaker.

Johnny proffered his request for the second time with faltering voice and indications of rain on his part. Johnny and the circus were zones apart at that moment.

"Want to go to the circus, hey! And you going to Sunday school every week! Don't you know that circuses are wicked? I never wanted to go to the circus when I was a boy. (While this was a deliberate lie on Mr. Whitaker's part, it was certainly a perversion of the truth for political effect.) And what do you want to see at the circus?"

"I—I—w-want to see the w-wild a-a-animals," said Johnny, beginning to blubber in earnest.

"Want to see the wild animals, hey? Don't you twist the cat's tail often enough? Where did you get your love for wild animals? I never cared for them."

"I—I inherited it."

"Inherited it! Well, I never. And who from, pray?"

"F-from N-Noah," sobbed the despairing hopeful.

The promptness of Johnny's reply, combined with the evidence that his religious instruction had not been wasted on the desert air, was too much for the "old man," and he came down at once with the necessary silver.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

The Sympathetic Financier.

A wealthy stockbroker was passing along the boulevards in the company of a lady when his handkerchief was abstracted by a pickpocket. But our speculator had his weather eye open and caught the depredator red handed. His first impulse was to call a policeman. On second thought, however, he decided to astonish his fair companion by his generosity, and said:

"Bah! let him go. I must not forget that I began in a small way myself!"—Nouvelles a la Main.

Great Fun.

Suburban Boy—Pop, won't you get me a sword, and a drum, and a gun to play soldier with?

Pop—I'll tell you how we'll fix it. We'll pretend every blade of grass on the lawn is an armed foe, and then you charge on them with Gatling swords and cut their heads off. Won't that be fun?

"Indeed it will. But I haven't any Gatling swords."

"No, but a lawn mower will do nicely."—Good News.

A Serious Injury.

Scene, auditorium of a theater. Spectator, intensely interested in the action of the drama, leans too far over the balcony rail and suddenly loses his balance, falling into the orchestra.

Excited Individual (hastening to the unfortunate's assistance)—Are you much injured?

Unfortunate (with considerable show of feeling)—Much injured! I should think I am. I have lost the best seat in the very middle of the front row.—Harper's Bazar.

A Mere Deception.

They were talking to Guibollard about the rise of the Seine, when he exclaimed, "It is all humbug. I went to Chatou yesterday; the water seems to have risen, but it is a mere deception."

"How so?"

"I had chalked a mark on my boat, and it's in the same place yet."—Telegraph.

Not That Kind of Family.

Professor—This eccentricity you speak of in your daughter, isn't it after all a matter of heredity?

The Mother (severely)—No, sir! I'd have you to know, sir, there never was any heredity in our family!—Yakkee Blade.

Attracted Them.

Dottie—Are you going to wear your red and white blazer at the seashore again this summer?

Lottie—No, indeed. I hadn't been there a week last year before I was proposed to by three barbers.—Cloak Review.

Been There.

Binks—I got a sure tip on the race yesterday.

Minks—That so? How much did you lose?—New York Weekly.

### FORTUNATE IN MANY WAYS.

Brains and Good Luck Have Helped Advance Mr. Whitney.

The honorable and ex-Secretary William C. Whitney, who has been mentioned as possible presidential timber occasionally ever since he left the Cleveland cabinet, has had as many quietly queer experiences as any man in public life.



WILLIAM C. WHITNEY.

life. His appointment as secretary of the navy was a sort of happy accident; his remarkable success as corporation counsel of New York city would not have been possible at any other era than in 1875-6 and his marriage was by far the most fortunate chance of all.

He was born in Conway, Franklin county, Mass., on July 14, 1841, and while a struggling student and young lawyer won the love of the wealthy and cultured Miss Paine, of New York city. On the wedding day she received her inheritance of \$500,000, and when Mr. Whitney became prominent in politics her brother gave her an even \$1,000,000, just to make official life easy for her. But her thorough education, social training, travel and general culture were and are worth more than many millions, and it is taken by common consent that no lady in official circles in Washington was ever better fitted for her duties than Mrs. Whitney.

In 1863 Mr. Whitney was graduated from Yale college and soon after became active in New York city politics, and in 1875 made his fame and won the lasting regard of Samuel J. Tilden by his brilliant services as corporation counsel. There is a story among journalists that Mr. George O. Jones, of the New York Times, after allowing his paper to make savage war on Mr. Whitney, was placated by the success of Cleveland in 1884 and wrote a flattering letter to Mr. Whitney declaring peace and good will, and that when the latter showed this to the president elect he was so pleased with the idea of doing a favor to Mr. Jones "on the quiet" that he forthwith named Mr. Whitney for the navy department. It is scarcely necessary to add that Mr. Jones concluded he had overdone it. Be this story true or false, it is certain that the country got the services of an able secretary and the restoration of the navy was vigorously begun.

What Is a Lady?

The London Spectator recently gave considerable editorial space to a discussion of the question, "What is a perfect lady?" and a few days ago an Irish "lady" named Weldon raised a great ado in the Westminster police court because her husband, against whom she had brought suit, called her "a woman."

"Is it a woman you call me, in your own politeness? Woman, indeed! I'll let you know what I am!" she cried.

"Och!" replied the husband, "it's myself knows you're a woman, for I'm married to you—worse luck!"

"Your honor," said the lady, "it's thus he always traits me. A woman is it you call me?" (this to her husband) "and you call yourself a man, perhaps? Your honor," continued the lady, "I've come all the way from Dublin to have my rights from this man, who has got £2,000 and won't give me a ha'penny. And now he calls me a woman too!"

A Plucky French Traveler.

M. Jules Desfontaines, of Nantes, France, who recently lectured before the French speaking literati of New Orleans, has astonished old travelers by the great extent of his journeyings on an income of twenty dollars per month. His family refused all aid when he started out as a youth to see the world, but on his little stipend he made the tour of Italy, Sicily and Tunis; then explored the out of the way parts of Judea, the Sahara and Australia.

His family remained obdurate, but the Geographical society of Nantes took him up and the French government made him a small allowance for scientific collections. Then his family relented so far as to allow him an annuity of \$700. In forty months he traveled 40,000 miles on his twenty dollars a month, and his lectures on Australia and the islands of the south Pacific have a wonderful charm.

At New Orleans he lectured on "The Enchanted Isles of Polynesia," and delighted his audience. He has received high honors in France and is now on a long journey through the United States, Mexico and Cuba, and thence around the world by way of Japan, China, Siam, Borneo, etc., a trip which will last several years.

Emigration from Germany.

If the statisticians are not all at fault the German empire will lose close on to one-eighth of a million people by emigration during the current year. An enormous percentage of this number will settle in the United States.



William A. Lehr  
of Kendallville, Ind., says Hood's  
Hood's Sarsaparilla is

### King of Medicines And His Cure Was Almost a Miracle

"C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass."

Gentlemen: When I was 14 years of age I was confined to my bed for several months by an attack of rheumatism, and when I had partially recovered I did not have the use of my legs, so that I had to go on crutches. About a year later, *Serofa*, in the form of

White Swellings,

appeared on various parts of my body, and for eleven years I was an invalid, being confined to my bed six years. In that time ten or eleven of these sores appeared and broke, causing me great pain and suffering. Several times pieces of bone worked out of the sores. Physicians did not help me and

I became discouraged

I went to Chicago to visit a sister, as it was thought a change of air and scene might do me good. But I was confined to my bed most of the time. I was so impressed with the success of Hood's Sarsaparilla in cases similar to mine that I decided to try it. So a bottle was bought, and to my great gratification the sores soon decreased, and began to feel better. This strengthened my faith in the medicine, and in a short time I was

Up and Out of Doors

To make a long story short, I continued to take Hood's Sarsaparilla for a year, when I had become so fully released from the chains of disease that I took a position with the Flint & Walling Mfg. Co., and since that time have not lost a single day on account of sickness. I always feel well am in good spirits, and have a good appetite. I endorse

Hood's Sarsaparilla

for it has been a great blessing to me, and to my friends my recovery seems almost miraculous. I think Hood's Sarsaparilla is the king of all medicines. WILLIAM A. LEHR, No. 9 North Railroad st., Kendallville, Ind.

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